

One morning when he had roasted a parcel of those roots which he used to eat instead of bread, having spread them on his table to cool, he went out to walk, leaving his door open to let the air in. At his return home, a companion, far exceeding any he ever had, waits his return; which was a beautiful monkey of the finest kind, and most complete sort. Beholding that wonderful creature, and in his own possession, at the farthest end of the lodge, and him at the entrance thereof to oppose its flight, if offered, he is at once filled with joy and admiration. Having a considerable time admired the beast, which all the while stood unconcerned, now and then eating of the roots that lay before him, he shuts the door, and goes in, with a resolution of staying within all day, in order to tame him.

This most wonderful animal having, by its surprising tractability and good nature, joined to its matchless handfomeness, gained its master's love, he thought himself doubly recompenced for all his former losses. One day as his dear *Beaufidelle* (for so he called that admirable creature) was officiating the charge he had of his own accord taken, being gone for wood, as he was wont to do when wanted, he finds in his way a wild

pome-

pomegranate, the extraordinary size and weight of which he caused it to fall off the tree. He takes it home, and then returns for his faggot; in which time *Quarll*, wishing the goodness of the inside might answer its outward beauty, cuts it open, and finding it of a dull lusciousness, too flat for eating, imagined it might be eat with things of an acid and sharp taste. Having boiled some water, he puts it into a vessel, with a sort of herb which is of the taste and nature of cresses, and some of the pomegranate, letting them infuse some time, now and then stirring it; which the monkey having taken notice of did the same; but one very hot day, happening to lay the vessel in the sun, made it turn sour.

*Quarll*, who very much wanted vinegar in his saucers, was well pleased at the accident, and continued souring of the liquor, which proved excellent, he made a five gallon vessel full of it; having several, which at times he found upon the rock.

Having now store of vinegar, he goes about making some pickles, which he effected, having some that tasted like capers, cucumbers, beans, &c.

The disappointment of having something more comfortable than water to drink being